

AMONG THE BARBARIANS.
Continuation of the Story of the Bloodiest
of American Vendettas.
SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE HATFIELD-
MCDOY FEUD EVER PUBLISHED.
PRICE ONE CENT.

3 O'CLOCK
LIGHTENED LOAVES.
They Will Cause Some Starving
Among the Poor.
But the Traders Say They Must
Protect Themselves.
The Bread Weight Was Reduced With-
out a Warning Word.

Listen now to the plaint of the poor. From a low muttering it has grown to a savage cry of indignation. They revolt, wrathfully, against the increase in the price of their bread, and the reduction in the weight of the loaves; but how futile is their rebellion! They must eat bread. Meat might be done without, but bread they must have.

Bread, which has already been reduced in weight from two to four ounces, and which promises to be reduced as much more next week, while it is at the same time increased a cent or two in price.

"This is not the work of the poorer bakers, either. On the contrary, it was the large bread-makers who were the first to go to cutting down the weight of the poor man's loaf. In many instances they did not think it even necessary to notify their customers of the reduction in weight. They serve their bread principally to grocers, who sell on an average from fifty to seventy-five loaves a day. Some of these tradesmen discovered the reduction in the weight of the bread a week ago. Others again did not know it until informed by an EVENING WORLD reporter.

Following the example set by the wealthier dependants on the trade of the poor, those who did not find out how much lighter the bread had grown said nothing about it to their customers.

"Why did you keep silent?" the reporter asked one of them.

"Well, what did they know? They don't know what they don't know. If they thought they were not getting as much for their money as they used to, they would have gone up in price."

"Well, yes. You see, they ascribed it to their growing appetite, and never troubled themselves with the fact that the bread was lighter. And so it is only the poor, the toiling classes that suffer, after all. You make as much profit as usual, don't you?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, yes. I can't complain. If the big bakers raise the price on me I must get the increase out of my customers."

At that is just the situation to-day. What will the people do about it? There is no telling. A hard winter is approaching. Work is hard to get, business is dull. Not only bread, but many other necessities of life have gone up in price.

Butter, which sold for 25 cents a pound a week ago, costs 30 cents a pound this morning.

Eggs, a baker on Ninth avenue near Thirty-sixth street, is charging seven cents a loaf for bread that he was selling yesterday for five.

happened the reporter visited a number of bakeries on Eighth avenue.

While deprecating the necessity which obliged them to do so, the majority of the bakers candidly admitted that they had already increased the price of their loaves, or reduced the weight.

E. J. Jennings, in charge of a branch store of the American Baking Company, at 388 Eighth avenue, said in answer to the reporter's queries:

"Our bread has been reduced in weight, but not increased in price yet. We expect to raise the price next week, though."

"How much have you scaled off your bread?"

"We began to make lighter loaves almost a week ago. Our bread is five and seven cents a loaf. The five-cent loaves used to weigh a pound and a half. To-day they weigh a pound and four ounces. We have taken off three ounces from our seven-cent loaves, which used to weigh two pounds. We think we will have to make it lighter next week."

"Yes, you might take off the pound and leave the three ounces."

"I don't think we'll reduce it as much as that."

Charles Berle, baker at 364 Eighth avenue, said:

"I have not reduced the weight of my bread, nor increased the price. I had a stock of flour that I bought at 85 cents per barrel on hand. Until that is exhausted I will sell my bread the same as usual. When I have to pay 90 cents a barrel for flour, as some of my neighbors are doing, then I expect either to raise the price or reduce the weight."

Harrison, grocer, 224 Eighth avenue, said:

"We sell Shultz's bread. It weighs the same as ever."

"Weigh it and see."

This was done, and, much to his astonishment, Mr. Harrison found that his ten-cent loaves had been scaled off three ounces from two pounds, and his five-cent loaves reduced in proportion.

How the people will begin to kick when they find this out, was Mr. Harrison's comment.

L. Cook & Sons, bakers, Twenty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, said:

"We are selling our bread the same as usual. Next week we will have to do something, increase the price or reduce the weight, or both. We are anxiously awaiting the result of the mass-meeting that is to be held in the German Masonic Hall, on East Fifteenth street, on Sunday morning."

W. O. Hutton, baker, of 139 Eighth avenue, said:

"I had a stock of flour that I purchased at 85 cents, but now it is 90 cents. I am selling my bread as usual, yet I will not raise the price or reduce the weight until I am actually obliged to."

John W. Howe, 143 Eighth avenue; E. W. Rekersdren, 354 Eighth avenue; George Gabelhouse, 122 Eighth avenue, and W. S. Gubman, 309 Eighth avenue, said they were also selling bread of the same weight at the time when the wheat corner was effected.

They will be obliged to raise prices very soon now, as their stock is running low and they could not afford to sell bread as cheap with flour at 90 cents per barrel.

G. J. Egler, baker, 56 Eighth avenue, said:

"I have reduced my loaves two ounces in weight, but the price is the same. I expect to be obliged to raise the price next week."

Julius Zimmerman, grocer at 349 Eighth

THE EVENING WORLD

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

JOEL B. ERHARDT FOR MAYOR

HENRY C. PERLE FOR COUNTY CLERK

JOHN W. JACOBUS FOR SHERIFF

ROBERT W. JACOBUS FOR SHERIFF

JOHN W. JACOBUS FOR SHERIFF

JOHN W. JACOBUS FOR SHERIFF

DIAMONDS AND FRANKIE ARE GONE.
The Widow Mills Connects Miss Raymond With a \$3,100 Theft.

Mrs. Henry C. Mills, a young widow who lives at 790 Sixth avenue, mourns the loss of \$3,100 worth of diamonds and \$100 in money, and has asked Inspector Byrnes to find and arrest Miss Frankie Raymond on a charge of stealing them.

Miss Frankie is described as a singularly beautiful brunette of twenty-two years, with black hair and eyes, and of medium height. The widow Mills says the young woman called on her six weeks ago, with an introduction from a friend, and by her clever talk induced Mrs. Mills to allow her to stay at 790 Sixth avenue. The girl told the widow that she was an actress, and that she was the daughter of a well-known journalist and an equally well-known actress.

She went out frequently, stayed away all night and upon returning would always excuse herself by saying she had been filling an engagement as elocutionist. On Tuesday afternoon, saying she would be over on Sunday, but he called later in the evening. Inspector Byrnes's detectives have as yet been unable to find any trace of Miss Raymond.

ON THE DIAMOND.
Standing of the League and American Association This Morning.

League	Wins	Losses	Runs	Hits	Errors	Per.
New York	41	26	134	6	10	.640
Boston	38	29	121	5	11	.612
Philadelphia	31	36	112	3	11	.522
Pittsburgh	27	40	103	2	12	.496
Cleveland	26	41	103	3	12	.496
Washington	25	42	103	3	12	.496

Games Scheduled for To-Day.
New York vs. Indianapolis, at the Polo Grounds—fairly cloudy.
Boston vs. Detroit, two games—rain.
Chicago at Philadelphia—fair.
Detroit at Washington—clear.

HER JEWELS BROUGHT BACK.

"THE EVENING WORLD'S" REPORT THE MEANS OF THEIR RETURN.

They Were Stolen from Her on the Street—A Colored Lad Took Them to the Hotel—To-day and Said He Found Them at a Place Where Mrs. Nicholls Had Not Been—Got a Reward and Disappeared.

Mrs. A. L. Nicholls, of Washington, who was robbed of some valuable family jewels, an exclusive account of which was published in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, recovered her lost gems this morning in a somewhat unexpected manner.

A young colored man came to the Westminster Hotel, where Mrs. Nicholls was staying at the time with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roselle, of the Arlington Hotel at Washington, late last evening, and told Mr. Schenck, the proprietor, that he knew where the missing jewels were and would give them up if he could get a reward for them.

He would not give his name or tell where he got the missing property, and his actions were so suspicious that Mr. Schenck felt sure that he had not found them as he said. But as the principal object was to get back the gems, he told the boy that he would not be in any danger of arrest, and that he should come around again in the morning, for Mrs. Nicholls had gone over to Brooklyn to spend the night with some friends, and that everything would be settled satisfactorily, including the reward.

Accordingly, shortly before 10 o'clock this morning, the young man made his appearance again, and Mrs. Nicholls was on hand to receive him.

He brought the jewels in the private reception-room where the jewels, which were in a little pink pasteboard box just as when she last saw them, were returned to her and the alleged thief received his reward and quickly made himself scarce.

"I remember now," said Mrs. Nicholls to THE EVENING WORLD reporter soon after, "that I put the box in my pocket when I was shopping with my friends on Wednesday morning, so I could not have lost them in the hotel."

"I am certain, that my pocket was picked, for when I questioned the young man about it, he said he found the box on the sidewalk at Irving place and Twentieth street, and I have since that corner since I have been in town."

EXCELLING '84'S BIG RALLY.

WALL STREET TURNS OUT GRANDLY FOR CLEVELAND AND THURMAN.

Over One Hundred Business Men's Clubs in Line—The Weather Was Glorious, and Washington's Statue Looked Down Upon a Sea of Enthusiastic Democrats' Faces—Marching and Speechmaking.

The rumor that the demonstration of the Downtown Business Men's Cleveland and Thurman clubs was to be again postponed because the weather was too fine was denied at the Stevens House headquarters and all the exchanges this morning, where there were the greatest scenes of activity.

Solid men who never get excited were fitting about with fancy badges in many colors and much gold embroidery, and there was but one thought in their heads.

It was the Sub-Treasury meeting and the preliminary parade. No one would put the number of voters who would appear in the parade at 1.30 this afternoon at less than 20,000, and the figures for each Club or Association ran from 200 to 2,000.

At the Sub-Treasury meetings were engaged in making that gloomy old structure bud and blossom as the rose in flags and bunting.

The Father of His Country, on the Wall street front, gazed down Broad street complacently, holding in his dexter hand a staff, from which floated the flag of the nation. There were the thirteen stripes of red and white, the family of States over which he presided, and there were on the azure field the thirty-eight stars, showing the increase in the family since his glorious time.

A platform running along the entire length of the Wall street front was decked with flags and bunting. The Stars and Stripes, with crimson velvet embroidered in gold, which was looped and festooned gracefully. From this platform were to speak this afternoon Secretary Fairchild, the National financier; John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the popular House of Congress; D. A. Hoody, the solid business man; and others.

The business men to be made up of the solid business men to whose energy, industry and sagacity the city is indebted for her wealth of stately buildings.



ANOTHER ROTHERSOME FLAG QUESTION.

PARTIAL SETTLEMENT OF THE STRIKE.

West Side Men Return to Work—The North Side Men May Go Back To-day.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—The street car strike is ended, so far as the West Side is concerned, and the indications are that the North Division men will be back at their places before Monday.

At precisely 12 o'clock last night the West Side Citizens' Committee succeeded in settling the West Side strike, and the men all returned to their work this morning, taking their cars out at 5.15 A. M.

The basis upon which a settlement was reached is in accordance with the proposition to take the West End men back at the wages formerly paid them and to give a bond running five years binding the company not to reduce salaries on the West Side during that period.

This settlement is but temporary, and can only be made permanent by a settlement with the North Side men, which Mr. Yerkes will attempt to do to-day.

The weather is still threatening, with occasional showers, and the walking is bad.

YELLOW JACK'S RETREAT.
Jacksonville Has Another Day of Freedom from the Plague.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

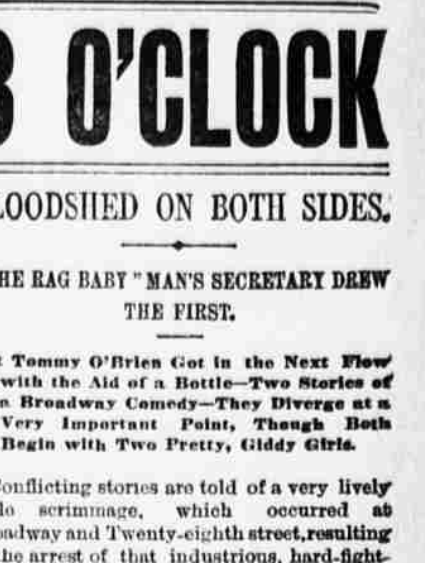
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 13.—With 182 yellow fever patients discharged as cured in two days and but six deaths from the disease during the same period, the hope for deliverance from the pestilence revives.

The weather is cool and pleasant to-day, and the majority of the fever patients are doing well. A few new cases, but no deaths have been reported this morning.

Reports from Fernandina show that place to be in great need of government aid. Fully four-fifths of the white population have fled, and the negroes refuse to work. Fifteen new cases are reported there.

DECATUR, Ala., Oct. 13.—But three new cases and one death in the past twenty-four hours. The scare here is over.

What the Astrologers Say of the Presidential Chances.
SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.
THE JOCKEYS OF THE SEASON AND THEIR WINNINGS.
Further Experiences Among the White Slave Girls.
PRICE ONE CENT.



THE RAG BABY MAN'S SECRETARY DREW THE FIRST.

BLOODSHED ON BOTH SIDES.

"THE RAG BABY" MAN'S SECRETARY DREW THE FIRST.

But Tommy O'Brien Got in the Next Blow with the Aid of a Bottle—Two Stories of a Broadway Comedy—They Diverge at a Very Important Point, Though Both Begin with Two Pretty, Giddy Girls.

Conflicting stories are told of a very lively little scrimmage, which occurred at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, resulting in the arrest of that industrious, hard-lighting gambler, Tom O'Brien, and his arraignment in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

Two pretty young women, well known in Capt. Reilly's tenderloin precinct, were the primary cause of the row. They had crossed Broadway under escort of Claude L. Goodwin, jr., Secretary to Hoyt & Thomas, authors of "A Brass Knuckle," "A Tin Soldier," and similar farce comedies, when they were met in front of the Brower House by O'Brien and a friend named Frank. This was about 9 o'clock last Tuesday night.

Frank nudged O'Brien and said: "I know them people. Wait and see some fun."

Then the following dialogue is alleged to have taken place between Frank and the girls:

"Ah, there, Dolly!"

"Heigho, Frank!"

"Come on; hurry up!" interjected Goodwin.

"No; I want to see my Frank. Come here, Frank!"

Frank walked towards them.

Thereupon Goodwin angrily demanded: "Do you know these ladies?"

"Where? What ladies?" chaffed Frank, looking around in apparent bewilderment.

"This was too much for Goodwin, jr. He lifted his heavy cane and came down with smashing force on Frank's cranium, inflicting a slight scalp wound from which the blood flowed freely."

The four men fell on the sidewalk. The girls screamed and dropped on their knees beside him. Goodwin was preparing to follow up his advantage when he saw O'Brien coming for him with blood in his eye.

Tommy, the reputation of being a b-a-n-d man.

Therefore Mr. Goodwin thought discretion the better part of valor, and he fled.

So far the story is as told by both parties, but now contradictions arise. Some people say that Goodwin dashed into the barber-shop of the Brower House and dropped into the boss's chair, exclaiming: "Save me, save me!"

"You're not next," was the bland rejoinder.

"Oh, hang it all! I did not say shave. I said save me, Dolly! Here he is!"

Tommy was there with a vengeance, if this account is the true one. He picked up a bottle of bay rum and smashed it on Mr. Goodwin's skull, cutting his scalp and causing a stream of blood that ruined the barber's chair.

"Slap my friends again, will you?" he asked, but not waiting for an answer hurried out of the shop.

He picked Frank up and carried him home. O'Brien lives at 347 West Forty-ninth street. The girls had disappeared.

Mr. Goodwin looked in his head bandaged and went home to ponder on the best method of getting square with the big, bad gambler, finally deciding to swear out a warrant for his arrest. He went to Jefferson Market Thursday and arrested O'Brien and secured the warrant. It was given to Court Officer Gardner to execute.

Gardner is old and decrepit, and knew too well the odds against him. He went to the West Thirtieth street station and left the warrant with Capt. Reilly, who sent Detectives Brett and Hayes out for O'Brien last night. They arrested him and he had no money to bribe them at Palmer's Theatre.

O'Brien could not obtain bail, so he went to bed in a cold-station house cell. In court this morning he admitted striking Goodwin, but said he had not hit him with his fist, and that the affair took place in the saloon of the Brower House and not in the barber's shop.

"Did you know Goodwin?" he was asked.

"No, I never saw him before," he replied. He refused to give Frank's last name or the name of the girl.

Goodwin did not appear in court. His brother was there, but did not wish to press the complaint, although, he said his brother was so seriously injured that he could not leave his house at 42 West Twenty-sixth street.

"We were all friends. It was only a drunken row," declared O'Brien.

"Yes—all friends," assented Goodwin's brother.

"I'll allow the case until to-morrow morning. Have your brother here then," and the magistrate.

O'Brien was paroled in custody of his counsel. Going out of court, he whispered to his lawyer:

"I'll have the thing fixed before to-morrow."

"That's right," advised the counsellor.

Makes the German Heart Beat Faster.

(By CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

BERLIN, Oct. 13.—The universal gratification felt here at the honors paid the Emperor William in Italy may be summed up in this expression of the South German Gazette:

"The splendid reception extended to the Emperor William in Rome makes the heart of every German quiver with fast."

The Tale of Hotel Registers.

P. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, is at the Windsor.

At the Grand Hotel a Col. Michael V. Sheridan, U. S. A.

Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, is at the Hoffman House.

Charles S. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury, is at the Buckingham.

An early morning guest at the Fifth Avenue is Judge George F. Danforth, of the Court of Appeals.

A prominent arrival at the New York Hotel is Augustus Schuchman, of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Edmund Robertson, an English member of Parliament, and Col. H. Barry, of London, are at the Victoria.

At the Elmsley House is Vice-President C. W. Smith of the Atlantic, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

Light Local Rains To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—

Weather indications:

For Eastern New York, light local rains, followed Saturday night by rain; otherwise, clearing.

For Western New York, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the South, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the West, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the Northwest, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the Southwest, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the Middle West, rain; otherwise, clearing.

For the Far West, rain; otherwise, clearing.

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